

WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

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MAJOR MORRIS, the Provincial Secretary for East Ontario.

— THE —
SONGS OF COMMANDANT H. H. BOOTH.

By MAJOR SLATER.

(From the December "Musical Salvationist.")

I T IS IMPOSSIBLE to deal with the songs of this writer without growing enthusiastic in the task. To use language at all appreciative of their merits, one has to employ a vast number of adjectives, and to list them would require more space than the charge from those who do not know them of exaggeration. In what we have to say, however, we shall seek to be just, giving praise to the honest opinion of the poet, but not checking any enthusiasm over the merits of these songs such as could not but arise, we believe, in any truly poetic and noble person who gave them. It is our hope that our remarks will lead to a more intelligent appreciation of these treasures of song among those who already know something of them, and an earnest and eager desire to gain and study the songs of those who at present are strangers to them.

2. The songs of this writer are of the most varied character. He has taken the whole range possible to religious song, gaining unmistakable success in each class of work he has taken in hand. He is equally at home in the most solemn and the most joyous of a solo. His power at grasping and giving a fitting expression to a truth suitable for a song has proved itself as efficient when dealing with a slide, happy, and (almost humorous) as when dealing with a more serious and of greater importance and solemnity. Some of his songs are most tender and pathetic, while others are full of a martial ring and dash that carry everyone away who hears them. His war songs are truly excellent, and yet far greater than his slow and softer songs.

II. Not only are we struck with the variety in the general character of his songs, but our admiration rises to a very high pitch when we analyze the work they contain, proportioning to each faculty engaged the part for which it is best adapted. Each is so constructed. One is continually being arrested by some beautiful idea, some fascinating phrase, some splendid bit of poetic work and happy union of thought and language. As a result, we feel that no writer could justly be called the title of poet. But we do not proceed far on this line of appreciation before we have unmistakable evidence forced upon our attention of an equal claim to be called a musician. His tunes have been sung and played upon the piano, and have been used by the Commandant, and yet they still maintain a remarkable amount of richness and force, with an individuality stamped upon them that is unquestionable. The Commandant has many imitators, but no student has thus far been able to equal his originality and abiding power.

III. What a magnificent work has been done by these songs! For some sixteen or fifteen years these songs have been as much a part of the Salvation Army as its uniform, its flags, or other means of working. The songs have done pioneering work such as that which the flag often does, tracing the way for the Army, months, and in some cases years, before an floor has appeared to carry on any organized effort on ordinary lines. There is not a corps in the Army, thick or in any other country, in which the songs have not taken root and again. It is scarcely possible to go into any particular meeting without hearing a solo, a chorus, or the verse of a general song that has been written by the Commandant, and in the very great measure of a Army's success due to these songs, is the production of

THIS GOD-HONORED WRITER

ve gone beyond the borders of the
ny on a mission of untold blessing
ougst God's children in almost
ry direction. What a host there
be at the ingathering, of God's
keemed ones in the heavenly city
o will acknowledge the Command-
t, through his songs, of having been

the human instrument of their salvation!

IV. Besides the direct work these songs have wrought, they have also done a vast deal of good work in stimulating other minds in Army song-making, giving, as no other songs have done, the best models of the types of song for Army use. To the Commandant is also due the founding and organizing of the Army's Musical Department, whose development and aid with the troops is of the utmost interest and personal satisfaction, and to a very large extent what the Army is to-day, from a musical standpoint, is due to the enthusiastic example and efforts of Commandant H. Booth.

V. The personal experiences of this writer, out of which his songs have sprung, have been almost as various as his productions, and his own life is in a great measure reflected in his songs. It has been one of the privileges of the writer of this article to see a great deal of the song work of the Commandant in actual progress. He has often wondered how, under the circumstances, the Commandant could produce song after song of such



THE HARMONIC HURRICANEERS' BAND

Master Howell's Travelling Treasure

high merit. Sometimes he has written in seasons of great bodily weakness and acute pain; at times when, from the excessive labors concerned with other duties, he has literally broken down and has been forced to rest. In other seasons his words had a deeper compass than short intervals hastily snatched from almost unbearable responsibilities of his administration of the old Training Home at Clinton, or of the English field. It was in some of these cases impossible to imagine anything more unfavorable to a man's health than during these periods take some of the Commandant's world-wide favorite. It speaks loudly on behalf of the Commandant's innate poetic and musical powers that, in spite of such difficulties, he has accomplished so much really fine work. We have seen him, widely and, several times we have given expression to the wish in the Commandant's hearing, that he could relieve himself of his other duties and give himself, at least for a few years, to the study of literature. But he has such unquestionable evidence of the Divine appointment. What might he not do if free from the cares and difficulties which have so closely beset him, so to throw open the flood gates of his soul in song making without

VI. Like most other genuine work in song making, the Commandant's efforts commenced spontaneously and without planning to do this or that because of any conscious ability. The

Army's work in France commenced early in 1881. The Marchale, the Commandant's eldest sister, aided by Miss Soper, now the wife of the Chief of Staff, went to Paris to undertake this important opening. About May of the same year the Commandant went over to assist, and he had a very strange group of duties to take up on his arrival. Minding the Hall door, seeking to quell

A CROWD OF PARISIAN BOLEMS

attending to the seating and lighting of the guests, and doing a little whitewashing—such were some of the many things that he took up with his usual energy on reaching Paris. At this time he was a slim youth of 17 or 18 years of age, and it was at this time in a strange way that he first attracted the attention of his future mistress. He was one day making poetry claiming his attention in the onset, although always musically inclined. A French lady, whose husband became an officer in the French war, possessed a number of similar songs, and it occurred to her that the lyrics of some of these sacred words were put to these tunes, so that they might be used in the meetings. She brought the matter before the Commandant, and he set to work at once. His mastery of French had its limitations, and so it was that he had to call on his own resources in verse making; but then, as now, he was marked by a mind full of resource. He procured some French hymn books, observed their rhythms and metres, and on the information he obtained he went forward, although he was not a native speaker, to the seeking to walk on stilts on a dangerous road. It is probable that the

THE HARMONIC HURRICANERS' FANTASY

Scattered Items in Their Brief Career.

Left Toronto in high expectation.
Got \$10 in Orangeville open-air,
and one soul there.

Had a great time at Collingwood with the "Bisher."

Naval trip from there to Midland.
Pretty sick crew. Very successful
time.

By the "City of Toronto" to Parry Sound. Got there 8.30 Sunday morning. Immense time. Methodist church Tuesday, eight souls. Glorious. Then French River. Had noisy crowd. Gave them lots of music. They suggested collection, and gave nearly \$9.

The Manitoulin Islands at last. Received with open arms at Little Current. Two souls Sunday night. Had most enjoyable time.

What shall we say about Gore Bay? Advance Agent Crawford preached three times in the Methodist church on Sunday and saw souls saved. Men at the wharf by both Methodist and Presbyterian ministers. Had three souls next meeting. Asked to stay longer.

The Gore Jay Enterprise says "The Harmonic Hurricanes" Band of the Salvation Army paid our town a visit during the beginning of this week. They were in town in an actuality church on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, and certainly, if crowded houses each night shows appreciation, they were appreciated to the hilt. The band was well equipped, was packed to the doors each evening, standing room being at a premium. The band consists of eight pieces, six brass instruments, a clarinet and drum. The music they played was of a high standard, extremely creditable for so small a company, and the people of Gore Jay during their short stay enjoyed a musical treat such as they have never before experienced. Their work was moderately successful. They are a hustling lot, apparently very much in earnest, and we trust very much good will result from their labors.

Then comes the Soc. Baptist church first night. Paper called us "Religious Tramps." Took Music Hall Sunday afternoon. \$10 and two souls.

Across to the American "Soo." Packed out. Souls at every meeting. Called by the press "Christian war-rings."

Back to Canada. Did a S.-D. meeting in the Methodist church at the Smo. Got \$15 for S.-D.

Then per S.S. "Atlantic" to Thos-
saion. Not expected. Joined by
Adjutant Ayre here. Music Hall crowd-
ed. On Sunday, half went to the Meth-
odist church and half to Presbyterian.
Monday night a S.-D. meeting in Pres-
byterian church. Result of visit, 10
souls and \$66.

Landed at Walford in a hurricane of wind and snow. Looked discouraging, but we're dumbfounded at our success. People turned out en masse. The Rev. Mr. Newton helped us grandly, and came with us to

Newton, bringing his portable organ. He was very kind.

At Woodward, the Rev. Mr. Brown met us at the depot and arranged all things for us. We had the church at night and had the place packed out. Since starting, we have seen 45

Prof. Little has composed two marches entitled "Harmonic Hurricanes" and "Peck's Bad Boy," which he plays during the collection, etc. (Note.—"Peck's Bad Boy" is Lieut. Redburn.)

GLEANINGS

Prayer is the peace of our spirit,
the root of meditation, the rest of
our career.--Jeremy Taylor.

A good man is united unto God as a flame touches a flame, and combines into splendor and to glory.—Jeremy Taylor.

There is only one kind of hatred, the fruit of which is peace—the hatred of self.—HARR.

Look up! Jesus is the Fountain of good. His life will ever bubble up within if thou wilt ever look up to Him.

OUR NEW FARM is on the boom. The neighboring farmers speak very highly of the arrangements. It will increase the value of their farms.

THE Australian War Cry issued a magnificent lithograph of the General in four colors, simultaneously with its first report of the General's meetings.

THE KRIGSRABET, our Norwegian War Cry, had no less than six of our Canadian cuts in one of its recent issues.

THE LIFE STORY OF A P.S.

MAJOR MORRIS, of the E. O. P.,
Tells us All About it.

A THRILLING NARRATIVE!

"Yes, I am quite ready to give you a sketch of my past life, but would much rather draw the veil (which is drawn to a degree) over some of it, and let it be forever down.

"My fore parents were reduced to hard work, which they cheerfully did, and could have mounted the ladder of prosperity and got quite a way up. Their characters were good, all held respectable positions, and were in charge of others. My father had two situations in thirty years.

"They loved the cup.

THE FLOWING BOWL

the social party. Their company was sought after, and their songs were accepted. One of my first recollections was singing in a town square of the Oldfellow's. A bond of love prevailed amongst us. Drink was the ruin. "My mother was a hard-working woman. At the extremity of my armory she was out working, and we were usually left in charge of a neighbor. When alone once, my clothes got on fire, and I was badly burned. I carry the marks still.

"Before I was into my teens, I used to work out to a farmer's, five miles away, and home at night. My work was leading horses, hoeing field of grain, and sowing. For weeks at a time I have done this, and for two or three seasons. I used to leave my home early and return late. My work was hard, and my mother used to watch me to come in and across me, calling me 'a man,' which used to infuse life into my tired bones. I loved my parents.

"My salary was twenty-four cents per day, which went to purchase clothes for myself and sisters. At thirteen I was bound apprentice to a flour miller, and at sixteen I had charge of a flour mill. And so I advanced, and managed to keep my own and rise, in spite of following in my father's footsteps, filling in my time with plenty of life at

THE BALL ROOM, THE CARD TABLE,

the race course, and so on. "I tested a little of the sailor's life, but found out I was not suited for that. One voyage was enough for me, and I was satisfied. I returned to my home in Yorkshire a wiser boy, for I only was a boy of fifteen, though tall enough for a man.

"My master, who was a Methodist, and his wife, took great pains with me, and did all they could to help me to reform, and then offered me money to leave my evil courses, but my sin had got the better of me, and the devil's hold was too strong. I lived on a life of evil which, thank God, has gone with the dark, barbed net. I went to work, and was doing well at my trade, but my evil life continued, in spite of many efforts to reform.

"Yes! I tried hard to reform, God knows I did. My little ones were growing up around me, and I used to think of their future. I worked hard, and loved my home. My whole thought was to do well for my family, but

THE COIL OF THE SERPENT

was around me, and gradually its folds were closing in upon me to crush out the better nature, and leave me a demoralized wreck. But God intervened. Thinking that I was a good man, until I got into a Gospel temperance meeting, led by Emily Morley, and here, at least, I found reformation. I went forward and got rebaptized, and two boys, and possibly this was the desire to save them that urged me forward more than my own need of reformation. Oh, how I longed! I felt soldiers are going in for to save them from evil, and how I worked and pondered and I used to with no higher hope than my own precept and example, and I worked

AN OLD FAVORITE—STILL POPULAR.

BY THE COMMANDANT.

Out in the Life-boat speeding.

(SECULAR MELODY.)



2. Oh when the storm-clouds thicken,
And tempest rises high;
The waves, by wild winds driven,
To sink our life-boat try.
But over the billows coming,
And midst the ocean's roar,
Our anchor quickly lowering,
With Jesus we're at home!

3. Danger need gather round us,
Fervently the wind now blow
We fear not the angry billows,
As onward we go.
On to the land that has freed us,
On the rocks in the midst of despair!
To take us to the haven of life,
The joys of Heaven to share

the harder to earn for them a position that I hoped would shield them from drink and crime.

"I was compelled at last to yield to Christ's pleading, and found that it needed more than resolution to carry out my good intentions. It just needed the Army to strike me, or I to strike it, but alas, it just not reached us. God was just then sowing and developing it in the General, and through him.

"But I found salvation, and soon lost it. There seemed

NOTHING TO KEEP IT ALIVE.

My active mind and body needed an all-time concern. My first love withered and died, and was about plucked up; and in despair, no doubt I would have made the plunge again for peace where it could not be found. I withdrew from religious meetings altogether, and although I did not renounce into gross outward sin, God and the things of God became distant to me, and the remorse and intense longing of the backslider filled my heart, and I went mourning, as one that loath the heart's desire.

"After a time I heard of the Salvation Army, and had a great longing to meet with them. Like the mercenary seeking goodly perils, I scoured the city in search of them. At one time I got into a meeting, supposed to be the S. A., but it was not the original, although I knew not the difference.

(To be continued.)

THE EAST ONTARIO LASHIES' STRING BAND

is the talk of the town and county. To say we had a good time is putting it mild. This is their second appearance, and the crowd say, "Come again." The banquet was well got up, and a better satisfied crowd I never saw. The barnecks were crowded on Sunday afternoon and night, and one soul in the Foundation—A. E. W. Conte, Captain, Pictou.

From Vancouver to Spokane.

Captain Milner does a Turn at Pioneer Work.

After a trip around the coast of British Columbia with Major Friedrich, I left Vancouver with Captain Ramsdell and Sister Bessie Diamond, en route for Spokane.

At Westminster Junction we were joined by Sister Maude Davidson and Bro. Juhew, who were to accompany us. We were to hold meetings at different places on the journey. Revelstoke, 379 miles east, being our first stopping place. A hail had been secured in advance, where we met at 7:30 p.m. for open-air. Had borrowed a drum, and managed to make noise enough to arouse the powers of darkness and bring a small crowd inside. They gave us good attention, and a good collection. About fifty people attended our Sunday afternoon meeting, but at night we had a crowded house. None would give in. In spite of invitations to stay longer, we left the next evening at six o'clock by rail for Wickan, where we took the steamer "Wakeup" for Trail Creek. One night and a day were spent on this new and well-fitted-up boat on the Columbia River. The purser invited our party up to the pilot house, where we gave them a song or two. Arrived in due time at Trail Creek, a mining camp, where perhaps a thousand people are

SEEKING THEIR FORTUNES.

As the stage which was to take us to Rossland could not carry half the passengers, the S. A. were among those who "got left," and a man, seeing our uniform, stepped up to me to know if we could "give them a meeting," as they never had any church there. While undecided as to what we should do, a man said if we wanted to go to Rossland that night he would take us in a nice, light spring wagon. The distance from Trail

Creek was seven miles, right up the side of the mountain. It was about dark, and we scarcely knew what to do, but finding there was no hall or place to hold a meeting, and the "light, spring wagon" offered more attraction than the heavy stage, which would come back for us in the morning, we accepted his offer. Imagine our dismay when our carriage and pair" drove up, and we found the "spring wagon" to be a big ore cart with boards across for seats. No doubt the "spring" part was the large hole in the bottom, where we might "spring" out in an emergency. However, off we go, but oh! that pair of horses. They were like some people.

NOT VERY WELL MATCHED.

One would go, and the other could not be persuaded by any amount of coaxing to go, so we were left in the dark about a mile from the camp to amuse ourselves as best we could, while this bulky animal was taken back and exchanged for one of a more amiable disposition. Here they came, and now we are fairly started, and in about three hours the "War Eagle" has taken us to trail, and a little later an Army gunnery was seen, and a loud "Hallelujah!" from Sec. Bauer, of Vancouver, made us feel quite at home. Six months ago there was a severe hail of people were sent now there is said to be about 2000 inhabitants, all eager in the search for gold. Next day started out with a bundle of Crys to sell, and to make arrangements for a hall and announce our meetings. Shortly War Crys went in a very short time. Ensign Shoen met us here for the night meeting. Splendid crowds—not six women in the audience the first evening, but a few dropped in at subsequent meetings. All were most anxious the S. A. should stay. Some were promising to join, as an inducement to us to remain.

Monday morning bright and early we were off by stage for a 10-mile drive to Northport. We were very glad when we saw the Columbia ferry and were driven over into the land over which floats the Stars and Stripes. One of our party went right through to Spokane, while Bro. Juhew and I set out in search of a hall. Such a thing was not in Northport, but after tramping about we succeeded in getting an empty store.

AS DIRTY AS SIN.

Number for seats, a few chairs, and a lamp, and the work of cleaning and fixing up was left to Bro. Juhew. He did his work well, for at eight p.m. we found a well-lighted, well-furnished hall, which was soon filled with people. At noon next day off for Colville, and surely that woman on the depot platform with such a smile on her face has come to meet us? So I asked her if she could help us, she answered. She said "No—did not know you were coming," but in quick time she had taken us up town and sent for her minister—Free Methodist. They lent us their hall, we borrowed a small marching band, and we had a proper go." Crowd here was chiefly Roman Catholics and school children. While in Colville the undersheriff came for us to visit a man in the jail convicted of murder. Poor man! He said "I hope she excused. I have said 'No—did not know you were coming,' but in quick time she had taken us up town and sent for her minister—Free Methodist. 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THE GENERAL REACHES NEW ZEALAND.

Received Right Royally!

Two-thirds of Wellington's Citizens Take Part in the Reception.

THE FIRST CAMPAIGN A HUSTLER.—123 SEEKERS FOR MERCY.

"WATCH the flag-staff on Mount Victoria, and as soon as you see the steamer go up, make for the wharf as fast as ever you can." This was the final command of Brigadier Hoskin, at Wellington, the New Zealand Colony top man, the night before the General's arrival at that paradise of the southern seas.

Amongst the party was a Maori woman—a tall, powerful specimen of her race—who was converted in the General's meetings at Wellington four years ago. On that occasion she had with her a baby girl, which she was nursing when she came to the penitentiary. This child, subsequently dedicated by the name of "General Booth," was nursed by the General while she remained at the penitentiary, and the baby, now five years of age, had been brought down from Otago to see the man who had nursed her four years before. The episode this comrade displayed was very touching. The story is an interesting one, and it is worthy of note that the Maori convert of four years ago is spoken of by her officers to-day as a loyal and competent Sybilianist. She is known to her Otago comrades as Mrs. Francis Robert Skilwith; her husband is also a soldier, and her children, Kipa Whatamui and Heemi Kipa, are being trained as Juniors.

On the wharf, Mr. C. M. Luke, Wellington's Mayor, Sir Robert Stout, several members of Parliament, and clergy were also present. The General, in replying to the warm welcome given him, said he believed his own welcome to be the common to the day, and he came to New Zealand to represent that work. He came as the friend of the municipalities, as the friend of the capitalists, and the friend of the working man; for the Salvation Army believed in Government, and believed that in doing so they were the true friends of the poor. In closing, the General said, "God bless the Mayor! God bless the Government! God bless New Zealand! God bless the Salvation Army! and God bless the General!" his fervent utterances being greeted with loud cheers and hallelujahs.

The city was gallily decorated with flags and bunting in honor of the occasion.

Colonel Lawley, in giving his testimony when the huge procession came to a halt, said he was well saved, and loved God with his whole heart. "I fell in love with Him when He saved me, and I have been in love with Him ever since."

Next came a day with God in the Wellington Opera House—a day of "boundless salvation."

Here are some of the General's sword-thrusts:—

"Now, let this day be one of squaring up of accounts with God Almighty, a Hallelujah Census meeting. Let everybody be made aware, that the only sin in heaven is to sin after off, like hallelujah indignation."

"All sin is filthy, and sin stinks in the nostrils of the Almighty. Cleanse yourselves from all filthiness of the flesh. All sin is evil; no matter how you dress it up, no matter how you whitewash it, it remains an evil thing, a thing working misery and damnation in the world."

"It is your sin, my brother, it is your sin, my sister, that spoils your lovely paradise. God wants you to be happy; He wants you to be a man of power; He wants you to be a woman of power."

"Is your heart clean? Oh, this is the question for us today! Is your heart clean? In writing to the Corinthians, Paul was not talking to the sinners, but to the Christians—to the crack people of the corps (college, apoplexy, and leprosy) to the head officers, the Captain, Major, Commodore; these were the people to whom General Paul was speaking. 'Let me'—Paul was speaking to 'the dearly beloved'; not the angels, they need

no cleaning, but to us. How far were we to be cleaned? From part of our sin? From three-quarters, seven-eighths, nine-tenths, ninety-nine hundredths? How much? All! Spell it with me, 'A-L-L.' Applause. Let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh. It is not men nor the Bible, but God Who saves; and it matters not whether you are rich or poor, God is generous enough to save you."

Colonel Lawley handled the prayer meeting, Ser! Sinners are coming quickly to the front, and saints are seeking the higher blessing. The twenty-seventh, twenty-eighth, and twenty-ninth arrives in quick succession, and then—

"Dear Jesus is the One True," rings sweetly through the building. "Thank God, here comes the thirtieth down the steps," says the Colonel; "It takes a long time to reach the gallery, but it is getting there. Look out, you people in the gallery, or you will be drowned. Come down, you Zuehausen. 'I believe,' exclaims the General, who has been watching with interest the progress of the battle. Another from the dress circle, and then Colonel Lawley cries, "Do you believe He can save another soul?" "Yes!" "Then turn to your next-door neighbor and say, 'I believe.'" So sooner said than done, and while the words were being spoken, up comes the thirty-fifth, and with yet another soul won for the Master, making thirty-six in all, the meeting comes to a close. "Praise God for what He's done for me," cries the Colonel; "And for me," cries Commissioner Coombs; and all round from the folk who had risen to their feet the answer comes, "For me," while all hands join in singing, "Praise God, He's saved." The Colonel's closing prayer was characteristic. "O Lord, we are so happy. The winds are blowing a hurricane outside; may we have a gale inside to-night, and may the devil's canvas be torn to ribbons. Let us have the most glorious triumph this day that the heavenly feet has ever known. Amen and amen."

This is the style of thing that went on all day, till 57 seekers were forward.

A meeting with the Ministers' Association, and then a Soldiers' Council in a Baptist church came on next day. In the latter about thirty-five persons came to the mercy-seat. At night the Wellington campaign concluded with a big Social Meeting. Hon. J. R. Seddon, Premier, presided. Sir Robert Stout and Colonial Treasurer Hon. J. G. Wood spoke in highly appreciative terms. It was a brilliant assemblage of legislators, lawyers, doctors, divines, the elite of the city, as well as the general public. One hundred and twenty-three souls were forward through the campaign.



DEAL IT OUT!

If you've a thousand pounds to spare.
● Deal it out!
And let the needy have a share.
● Deal it out!
Thousands are suffering keenest want.
And work, and cash, and food are scant.
So, pray, if you possess the "paul,"
● Deal it out!
If God has blessed your stock and store,
● Deal it out!
In return He'll give you more.
● Deal it out!
Do not like the miser live.
Hoarding all that you receive,
Give as God to you doth give.
● Deal it out!
Lazarus is at your gate.
● Deal it out!
Hungering, starving—awful state,
● Deal it out!
Can you hear your brother cry?
Can you see him droop and die?
The help he needs, you have it nigh.
● Deal it out!
"Feed My sheep," the Master said.
● Deal it out!
That the hungry may be fed.
● Deal it out!
If you have no cash on hand,
Cheques made "payable on demand"
Will a ready man command.
● Deal it out!
Soon you'll have to leave it all.
● Deal it out!
Even now may come the call.
● Deal it out!
When you're dead and gone, no doubt,
Some will squander it about.
Perfumes, and some say, silk "bout."
● Deal it out!
—Arthur W. Rowan, in Social Gazette.



COMMISSIONER COOMBS.

When the "Rimutaka," bearing the General, Commissioners Coombs and Polford, Colonel Lawley, and Major Mahin, arrived in the Wellington roadstead, Brigadier Hoskin, Majors Brumfield and Berckinslay, and other New Zealand celebrities, stemmed off in the "Taco" to give them a preliminary welcome. Soon afterwards the General stepped ashore, and received an Australasian welcome, and that's saying enough. Two-thirds of the population took part.

Amongst the mass of Sybilianists who lined up on the wharf was a contingent of Maories. Dressed in their native costume, and waving boughs in their hands, they rendered their greetings in song in the usual flowery fashion of their race, extolling the distinguished visitor, who was just landing upon New Zealand shores. Dancing it broke in the recondiment of the words, they showed by their gesticulations and happy, joyous faces, that it was not merely a matter of sentiment with them, but that it gave them an actual pleasure to take part in the welcome; indeed, no one looking upon their bright, happy faces, and nothing the abundance with which they threw themselves into the spirit of both dance and song, could have thought other than that they were greeting one who was both honored and dear to them.



A Couple of Maori Maidens, Officers in the M. A.



How the GENERAL Wrote for the Xmas "Cry."

A Hallelujah Wedding AT FREDERICTON.

Bandman Lyons and Sister McKinney Made One.

I arrived by boat, after running down the St. John river. The trip was immense. I found Capt. Gamble and Lieut. Miller all in a bustle getting things in shape for the "happy event." At 7.30 p.m. we formed up, and with martial step, and music and song, we marched to the depot, to meet Brigadier and Mrs. Scott. As we marched down the front street, everybody seemed to know a wedding was to take place on this famous 14th day of November, 1905.

We arrived at the barracks, and found it packed. Adjutant and Mrs. McGillivray were announced to take part, being on their "bridal trip," as the press calls it.

ENTHUSIASM WAS RAMPANT.

We had some rounding choruses and some good testimonies. Mrs. Scott read the first Psalm and spoke very clearly to all in the hall. She gave the bride and bridegroom some good advice. Mrs. McGillivray sang a solo and spoke of the joy Jesus gives to all who love and obey Him. Adj. McGillivray was then called on to speak of his experience in married life. The Brigadier telling them he had ten days' experience. After singing "Me John 'em," he spoke in glowing terms of the "united state," and also tried to influence the unswayed to seek the same.

At the word of command from the Brigadier, the parties came to the front, and after a few minutes' patient answering of solemn pledges the knot was

SECRETLY TIED.

and the kiss placed on the bride's cheek amid cheers and salutations. Brigadier gave them some very fatherly counsel, as he can only do in a few minutes the very enthusiastic, and also impressive, meeting was brought to a close. Afterwards, the corps and officers had a nice tea with the bride and bridegroom, and many were the congratulations tendered the couple, showing that they were loved and esteemed for their faithful service in the ranks of the grand old Army. Everybody went away pleased, and I understand some more are impressed.

S.-D. the only topic of interest now, St. John District means victory. ANCHORED.

C. O. P. Scintillations.

The "Hurriemovers" Band are doing grandly. Soule are getting saved and money raised to help on the war.

—020—

The band has received every kindness from the people up north.

—020—

We will not soon forget the kindness received from officers of the Saint Ste. Marie boats, both the Black and White Lines. We had a grand trip indeed. If you want to enjoy yourself, go up to the Sea next season. I have been all over there or four provinces, namely, New Brunswick, New Brunswick, and Ontario, but this trip beats all.

—020—

Capt. Pinnell is having a grand time at North Bay, Soule are getting saved. Soldiers on fire.

—020—

Ensign Gibbs, Sudbury, writes: "We have had lately some of the best cases saved since the opening here."

—020—

The P. S. and Mrs. Howell spent last Sunday at Lager Street. Three souls at night.

—020—

Good news received from all round. C. O. P. is on the rise. T. H.

Our Advice Bureau for mind-distressed, soul-troubled persons is about to be opened at the Army International Headquarters. Commissioner and Consul Booth-Tucker, Miss Booth, Commissioner Howard and others are appointed as attaches to this Bureau.

From Mrs. Booth's Office Table.



"EVEN CHRIST PLEASSED NOT HIMSELF."

(My Motto.)

MY DESIRE FOR THREE!

That thou may'st daily gather
Fresh droppings of His love,
For ever round thee falling.
As manna from above;
That ever, midst the worry
Of busy outward life,
Thine inward one may flourish
Unhindered by the strife;
That thou may'st know His presence,
To brighten all the way,
And prove His grace sufficient
For each succeeding day;
That more increased attractions
In Jesus thou may'st see,
And mine is but an echo,
Of His desire for thee.

—John xvii. 15.

HERE is a charming little incident from one of the Roseau Homes. One could scarcely need anything more truly typical of the Rescue work.

"We have a nice little girl in the Home now, who came out of one of the worst dens in the city. Her mother ran away from the place at night and came to the Home. She was obliged to leave her child behind her, as she could not get it off them. The next morning I went to the house for the child with a policeman. It was unsafe to go alone. The woman was FEROUS. Losing the girl and the child, too! She used dreadful language! Hopped it on me, and on the Salvation Army. Her loud talk

attracted a crowd of men and boys. Two more policemen arrived and I was the centre of attraction in the row. But I came off conqueror. WITH THE CHILD. I was pretty hot, though—so ashamed of her vile talk!"

"I had to take the little girl without coat or hat, but a lady got her a little hood, and I am expecting to get her a coat soon. The mother of the child has promised to get saved since."

"Our nursery is very interesting."

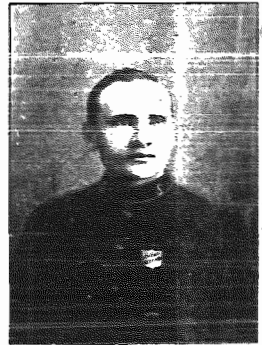
—H—

This comes from the Toronto Children's Shelter. Surely someone will respond. "We are needing some carpet for the Babies' Room badly. I thought if you would let the people know through the 'Cry' somebody might send some that they do not want."

—H—

Oh, how such little comforting notes as this do cheer our hearts. "I cannot just express my feelings for you and the dear Commandant in this trying hour, but I feel sure that the God who has stood by you in other difficulties will stand by you now. Captain and I, and the Lieutenant, too, have set aside TEN MINUTES EVERY DAY to pray for you. I feel sure prayer is going to be answered. God bless you. We love you and believe in you with all our hearts." So writes a Captain's wife in the midst of her own busy rush of work.

Correspondence.



Capt. Davidson, Iceland, writes to Shea.

We have received the first number of the Icelandic War Cry, and give our readers a reproduction of the same.

Davidson is evidently red-hot for his work. Notice what he says to Shea:

A thousand thanks for your cheering letter of the 10th July. It is like a fresh watermelon on a warm Manitoba day to get a little refreshing and cheering note from friends. In these lonely polar regions, and glory to God! I am still saved, and happy in the Lord. There have been a few months have been eventful indeed with us. We are in full swing with our War Cry, and I send you herewith a copy. It promises to be a good little child, and it has been received with great favor among high and low. We had received over 100 paid up subscriptions before there was one line set in type. The Bishop, two Judges, and four ministers are among the subscribers.

You can imagine that I will have plenty to do when you hear that I am the only officer that can speak or write the language; and I must edit the Cry, and write all English correspondence, beside my corps work. But God is helping me, and on all, wonderfully. Souls are being saved, and soldiers made, but things are a bit stiff. Oh, that I had somebody to kick up a little row and scare the devil!

The Adjutant will be in London next week and the Lieutenant and I will be alone for five weeks.

Can you help me any? Yes, my dear comrade, you can! The War Cry is hungry. Cannot you send me some story of your adventures among the starved Indians, or some tale that will make one's blood run cold, and some soul-saving that will make it turn warm again? I shall be glad to transcribe it into Icelandic for my dear little "Her-odot."

God bless you much, my old friend

TH. J. DAVIDSON, Captain.

Recent works: Hjalpræðishersins drykkj-kanninn ávörðunarskipti so íröppkomaunna íerforðingaskólanum. From their Cry.

Salvation Newslets.

The first barracks leased in Japan accommodates four hundred.

Major Thumser has presented his first colors to the new Florence corps.

Applications continue to arrive at the British Consulate's Department.

"All the World" is being reduced in price one-half, and to a more portable size.

A report from Major Jackson, Germany, describes the dedication of the Army of the Pathans. Hart (Lambert) strayed by Consul Gordon McKie.

Extensive premises have been taken right in the heart of busy, bustling Manchester for a Trade Centre.

Twelve for salvation and a much lost for conversion. It Commissioner Howard's record at Bristol for a week-end.

Mánaðartíðindi Hjalpræðishersins.

Nr. 1 W. Week. Reykjavík. Október. Chr. Edition. 1895.

OF KRISTUR KEMI I DRÖKKJURKALAN



FAITHFUL AND EARNEST, He has Gone to His Reward!

"Brother Bachelor is dead." The words spoken so solemnly seemed to have such an effect upon us. Nobody would have thought on Sunday night, when we shook hands with him in the barracks, marched with him, and heard him tell how happy he was, that he should on Tuesday see him cold in death. And yet it was true. Four years ago, Bro. Bachelor sat in an Army meeting and heard the message of salvation. When the invitation was given for any person wishing to be saved to come forward, he volunteered, came and cried to God to save him. A short time after, he rose to his feet, saying, "Thank God, my burden is gone." Not long after

he was enrolled as a soldier, and during the past four years has

ALWAYS BEEN AT HIS POST

whenever it was possible for him to do so. Not being very strong physically, he could not do as much as he wanted to, but has always been ready for his earnestness and his great desire to see others coming to God. Last Sunday night he marched and took his stand in the meeting as usual. On Monday he worked all day, and Tuesday morning was taken with apoplexy and died at 5 p.m. We held a memorial service on Sunday night, and it will long be remembered by those in that meeting. Three souls sought and found Jesus, making four for the day. One comrade will be missed, but our loss is Heaven's gain. The bereaved friends have our warmest sympathy. —Lillie M. Leffew, for Capt. Rutledge.



OFFICIAL ORGAN OF
THE SALVATION ARMY
IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

A Journal devoted to the salvation of the lost and
unification of the saved, together with the propaga-
tion of the Salvation Army in all lands.
Address all communications to the Editor, Salva-
tion Army Headquarters, Toronto.

There is, at the time of writing, an
outrageous silence in the matter of war
despatches from our fighting men on
the field. The whole Territory is in
the throes of the great Self-Denial
fight, and now has come the tug-of-
war.

Victory, however, is emblazoned on
our banners. With clean hearts and
willing hands we claim victory in the
name of our King, and none shall stop
us.

Ahead, there is progress. The Gen-
eral's reception and opening campaign
in Australasia has been in the high-
est degree gratifying. Fancy, two-
thirds of Wellington's population to
meet him at the wharf! Truly the
man of the people. We rejoice with
the whole Army, and give glory to
God over our General's success.

Thus the English Cry on the pro-
posed Indian Scheme:

The fact, however, that our leader's
visit to India will be employed in this
direction should pulsate the whole
Army with hope and fresh confidence.
Only the essentially native and na-
tional character of our missionary
work, for which we have had to re-
sist against the prejudices and envy
of others who have treated us as
strains instead of brethren, could make
it possible for the General to lay hold
of this thorny and perplexing Social
question; but India looks upon the
Salvation Army as belonging to it.
Those who know Christianity or hu-
manity is neither local nor parochial,
the success of the Social Scheme in
this country will open a new vista,
should its principles be adapted to the
resence of the furnished races of India.
Then, viewed retrospectively, this pro-
posal should swell our faith in the
presence and operation of the Spirit
of Christ in us as an organization.
As Christ's ministry brought Him
more and more in touch with the
world of distress, and suffering, and
sorrow, so His Spirit in us is leading
us nearer and nearer the same masses
of human woe in these our days. Let
us ponder over the suggestiveness of
this fact, and not despond. Nay, let
us do more. As officers and soldiers
of the Lord Jesus Christ, let us cul-
tivate the gift of feeling—for many,
alas, in this land are to be found
within stone-throws of our buildings
who have not heard of God nor a hope
of Heaven to warm their cheerless
lives. More comes of Divine feeling
than statecraft and worldly wisdom.

LATE ARRIVALS!

ACCEPTED!

Adjutant McMillen writes that
Lieut. GOODWIN, of CARLETON,
I.B., accepts Lieut. Solig's challenge
to collect the most money for S.D.
about Solig's challenge was to any
single Lieutenant in the East.

HERE'S GENUINE PLUCK.

This letter came in on Dec. 3rd, and
it gave it as an example of sterling
determination. Here's success to Ross-
and!

A few soldiers in Rossland, B. C.,
here a corps is not yet opened, but
the soldiers of any other town
city where a corps is not estab-
lished to collect more money for Self-
denial, from the Pacific to the Atlan-
tic coast, in the Dominion of Canada.

E. W. DAUBEL,
Secretary (on furlough).

The Salvation Army in Great
Britain has nearly got back in new
money all who have given to other
countries.

Mrs. Booth Ministers with Song and Story

— TO THE —

INMATES OF THE MERCER REFORMATORY.

At the Head of Her League of Mercy.

"(1) Let the dark and cruel regions,
Where the slaves of sin
abound,
There are voices ever calling
From the ruined, crushed, and
bound;
There are wrongs that need redres-
sing,
There are foes who challenge fight.
There are giants need repressing,
Darkened souls who need the light."

BY THE KIND PERMISSION OF
THE AUTHORITIES of the Mercer,
a most effective meeting was held by
Mrs. Booth in the chapel of this re-
markable institution.

The devoted members of the League
of Mercy and a few Officers from the
Rescue and Shelter Homes accom-
panied her.

In common with all other meetings
under the supervision of Mrs. Booth,
this one was characterized not only
by its spiritual force and simplicity,
but more especially with that exqui-
site charm of music coming from the
depths of a sensitive, sanctified, con-
quering spirit, and setting the heart-
strings of all hearers vibrating to
melodies sweet for many a long day—
many a long year, maybe, in some in-
stances.

Anything more plaintively touch-
ing can scarcely be pictured than the ef-
fect on the sin-stunned audience as
her pleading voice hung on the line
of one of her songs:

"Here bring thy BROKEN heart,"
and then trembled into:

"Here bring thy BROKEN heart."
Little words, but they penetrated
clear through the crust of indiffer-
ence and despondency that had been
wrought by wrong and its insepar-
able twin-sister, misery.

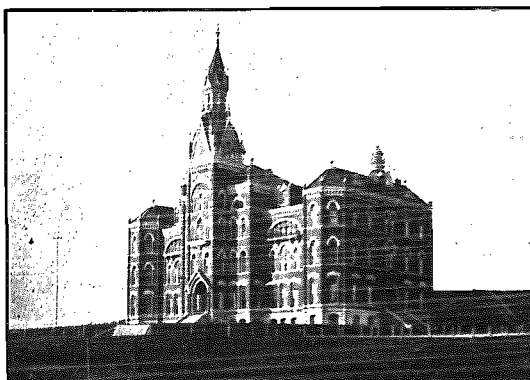
Hearts melted, and hard-wrung
tears flowed from eyes that were used
to regarding iniquity; young girls or
grey-haired women, they all alike
were learning that the forbidden fruit
of the tree of evil leads to ashes in
the end, however enticing it may ap-
pear at the out-start.

In the prayer meeting, one after an-
other led to God for mercy with
words of sorrow for the black past,
with prayers, straight and to the
point, for help for the future. Surely
there must have been rejoicing among
the angels as one after another plunged
into the Fountain filled with blood.
We cannot but believe that these
entrances will be answered, and souls,
once black, will become beautiful in
God's sight.

Every assistance within bounds was
given, and to the liberal sympathy of
those who have the direction of af-
fairs the Army owes chances that
the very angels in Heaven might envy,
the unspeakable privilege of carrying
the pure Gospel of Jesus Christ—crucified
and risen—to some of those who
are standing the most desperately in
need of it.

God speed the League, with the sign
of the snow-white cross on a crimson
ground.

Many these soldier-women continue
with renewed courage under the of-
ficership of Mrs. Adjutant Phillips.



IDAHO STATE UNIVERSITY AT MOSCOW.

One of our recent openings.

Pacific Pointers.

DILLON.—Interest is going up. (Not
her go!) Good meetings and crowds.
Three souls last night, one A
NEWSPAPER REPORTER.—E. Brier-
ley, Captain. (Pier a drum, Mr. Ed-
ford! They went out for the corps.)
(Note.—The comments are by Tim.—
Ed.)

MOSCOW, IDAHO. — The S. A. in-
vaded this town about two and a-half
months ago. The officers, Capt. Gil-
lette and wife, have had quite a few
converts during that time, of whom
about fifteen came upon the march
and testify on the platform. The in-
terest is keeping up and the crowds
are splendid. The Captain has his
quarters nicely furnished, by the help
of the good people of Moscow. Some
ladies supplied carpet-rugs and came
to a bee, which furnished not only the
weaver's material, but also raised the
expense of weaving. Four ladies don
the bonnets. I spent Saturday and
Sunday here, and we had splendid at-
tendance. Captains Milner and Rame-
del assisted to make the meetings
interesting, and Sisters Davidson and
Diamond helped with song and music.
Two souls found salvation. One of
them got through with a shout.
There are about 250 students here at
the State University, besides a large
number of high school pupils. May
their lives be claimed for God by a
persistent and faithful corps of blood-
and-fire warriors of the Breeding
Lamb.—R.P.

The Chief-of-the-Staff has announced
that the Salvation Army in Great
Britain will shortly commence a new
undertaking on behalf of the 100,000
deaf and dumb natives of that country.

Commissioner Booth-Tucker has
gone to India. He will place his wide
Indian knowledge at the service of the
General in perfecting a scheme which
is intended to grapple with the star-
vation problem among the poor of
India.

Victory Complete

IN THE LAW COURT.

THE COMMANDANT VINDICATED!

Chief-Justice Armour

QUASHES CASE BEFORE
DEFENCE UTTERS A
WORD.

[THE LATEST—JUST BEFORE GOING TO
PRESS.]

The action for libel brought by ex-
Brigadier de Barritt against the Com-
mandant has resulted in a glorious
victory for the Army's side, the Com-
mandant having come out of the or-
dinal unscathed and thoroughly vindi-
cated. The letter from the Command-
ant to Colonel Bremner, which was
alleged to contain the libellous state-
ment about Mr. de Barritt, Chief Jus-
tice Armour declared to be a privi-
leged communication, the plaintiff, there-
fore, had to prove that it was written
with malice. So far from doing so,
when all the evidence on the plain-
tiff's side had been heard, and before
one word had been uttered in defence
of the Commandant, the Justice dis-
missed the case, declaring that no
malicious intent had been shown on
the part of the Commandant, nor did
it seem that he had any view of in-
juring the plaintiff.

PERSONALIA.

The Commandant is expected to pay
a visit to England shortly.

Major Isaac, late of Australia, is ap-
pointed to the Canterbury Division.

Commissioner Rispel has just start-
ed in Sweden a Home for deaf and
dumb.

Major Stanley Evans is prospecting
in Barcelona before proceeding to
Madrid.

The General is expected to return
to England about the 15th or 16th
of March.

Major Jolliffe takes charge of the
Light Brigade Department for the
United Kingdom.

Commissioner Booth-Tucker left for
India on Tuesday, November 19th, ac-
companied by Major Bullard.

Major Jackson, Chief Secretary of
Germany, is working almost night and
day at the Berlin Headquarters.

Adjutant Hitts and Ensign Ross will
be married on December 10th. They
will have a happy Christmas for sure.

Capt. Wirtz, the Spaniard, who has
been training in London, went to Mad-
rid on Friday, 15th, his wife having
preceded him.

Consul Booth-Tucker writes a long
letter each week to all the Territorial
leaders dealing with the leading
events of the war.

The Chief of the Staff spent a day
at Hadleigh Farm Colony, and reports
the health and spirit of the whole
troop to be thriving.

Staff-Captain Pestel has taken up
a distinct and important piece of
work, under Colonel Bremner, in the
British Trade Department.

The Queen of Sweden, a great friend
of the Salvation Army, was a regular
attendee at a recent convention
"for the deepening of spiritual life."

Two Fathers and Mothers!

HOW TO MAKE THE CHILD A SAINT AND A SOLDIER.

BY THE GENERAL.

Commissioner Duchesneux has had an interview with Prince and Princess Bernadotte, of Sweden, who have expressed themselves as much interested in the Army.

From November 19th until further notice, Consul Booth-Tucker will edit "The Officer." Major Alice Lewis acting as sub-editor. Contributions received at L.H.Q., as usual.

The Chief of the Staff has, at the suggestion of the Editor-in-Chief, agreed to Major Harding accompanying Colonel Barker on his Continental and Danish campaign. Brisk times ahead.

Although Commissioner McKie has been in Germany only twelve months, he has acquired sufficient knowledge of the language to conduct meetings and to express himself with fluency and power.

The English Cry, speaking of Major Swift's appointment to the Auxiliary Department in Great Britain, declares that the Auxiliaries have now a leader of courage, energy and ability difficult to equal.

It is about ten years ago since the Chief of Staff came out of the dock in the "Old Batter." London, in which position he found himself through his notable action in conjunction with the celebrated Armstrong case.

Field Commissioner Eva Booth conducted the services on the occasion of the conversion of the Catholic Apostolic Church, Harrow Road, London west, into a Salvation Army barracks. Fourteen conversions, the service consecrated, and \$2500 income are amongst the results.

Commissioner McKie's campaign at Stettin was going on gloriously up to the time of mauling sixteen souls were at the cross, and numbers unable to gain admission to the crowded hall.

Colonel Brenner visited the Manchester Trade Centre at the opening, besides which he met sixty F. O.'s of the Manchester Division, to whom he expounded the principles of Salvation Army, and conducted the Saturday and Sunday meetings. A total of 80 souls saved was recorded through the meetings of the Trade Staff.



MAJOR SWIFT.

The new head of the Auxiliary Department.

Major Swift told a story recently of a wall boy who, professed to get saved on the Wednesday and was found letting out another boy on the Friday in a way which brought a reprimand from the Major, and the reply from the youthful convert was, "If a fellow does that to you, M'NISTY, YOU OLYVE HIM LANT-GUARD!" The Major was addressing a meeting of officers, and added the wily query, "Wouldn't you have done the same?"

SOCIAL SHREDS.

The Rescue Home at Hilligersburg and Amsterdam are quite full, many can apply being unable to obtain admission.

Although the Boys' Shelter, Tottenham, has only been opened a few months, it is already crowded, and steps are being taken to provide further accommodation for our city wails.

The Poor Man's Palace, situate in Charles Street, Clerkenwell, is scientifically arranged to accommodate three hundred recumbent men. By half-past eight every evening the Shelter is full, and numbers have to be turned away.

This is a large and important topic. Nothing in the world more vitally concerns the well-being of Society, has so much to do with the happiness of the individual, or more intimately connected with Christ's Kingdom on the earth, than the right training of children. I am sure that no subject more closely affects the future of the Salvation Army, and no one feels this more than its General.

I have been judging the training of the children upon the attention of my Officers and Soldiers very earnestly of late, and with a gratifying measure of success, for results of a very pleasing and promising nature have followed. I am greatly encouraged, and consequences can be seen looming up in the near future. But the training I advocate here is of a different kind, although based on the same principles, and is far more closely identified with the future of the children, and calculated to do far more for them than anything which our Junior operations, extravagant as are my expectations with respect to them, can hope to do. I allude to

PARENTAL TRAINING.

I have been endeavoring to set forth the nature and importance of the subject ever since I knew anything about religion. God gave me sense at the very beginning of my nation career, young as I was, to see that the child was the father of the man, and, to make good men and women, you must make good children; and that the parent was also held responsible by Jehovah, and by his own conscience, and by all sensible people, for doing the work.

THE POWER OF EXAMPLE.

I think I can say also, without lying myself open to the charge of boasting, that I have endeavored, by example, to represent in my own family what I have urged upon other parents.

As I was very commonly known, God has greatly encouraged me in my children as to the value of the principles I hold, and the usefulness of the methods I have adopted in this training. No tongue can tell the satisfaction which I have experienced in the results which have followed the taking hold of children in and from their infancy, and making them, then and there, what was desired for them in after years.

Every reader of this paper who knows my children will understand what joy their devotion and obedience, in their man and womanhood, have been to me, and were to their dear mother before she went to the skies.

Oh, the days and nights of sorrow that must be the portion of many fathers and mothers whose experience is the very opposite of this! Oh, what stories of broken hearts and disappointed hopes have been poured into my ears, telling the days of my pilgrimage to and fro in the earth!

THE SORROWFUL RICH.

Amongst the sons and daughters of wealth and fortune whom it has been my lot to meet, the sadness of these lamentations has been, in many cases, "You can take the house, and the horses, and the carriage, and the factory, and the estates—all, and welcome—if you could only tell me in return that my children who are in eternity are safe, or that my children who are on the earth are saved."

Were it not for a sort of stupid blindness to facts, and a kind of intubation in clinging to groundless hopes, I do not know how some parents, who see their children so far the reverse of all that they approve in character, and travelling so determinedly in the opposite direction for eternity, to what they desire, would endure existence at all. They would be broken-hearted—their hearts broken by their children.

Nothing that I can say can convey the gratitude I feel to God for the light He has poured on my soul on this subject, and the determination

He wrought in my mind to act upon it, or for the invaluable co-operation He gave me in

MY LATE PRECIOUS WIFE.

or for the industry, self-denial, ability and devotion with which she practically applied in every-day life the principles we unitedly held, and to which I attribute the blessing and success to which I have already referred.

While I was busy here and there, occupied about other people's spiritual well-being, and the salvation of other people's children, she was steadily engaged, at the cost of an amount of sleep, every line of which was reflected in this act, in making our children all that we had directly pledged ourselves before the Throne of God they should become.

A DISCOURAGEMENT.

But, while I have been more than delighted with the results with which God has been pleased to crown our imperfect efforts in behalf of our own children, I must confess to having been discouraged with the results in the interests of others.

Ten years ago I prepared a book with some care, in the short intervals of my public work, on this subject, every line of which was read and endorsed by my beloved wife, from whom I had learned much of the most valuable matter which it contained. The parents and children belonging to my own people were specially in my mind in the wrong of that volume. To benefit them had been my object, and to them it was specially applicable.

But I frankly admit to being much disappointed at the extent to which that book has been read, and consequently, in the degree to which its counsels have been acted upon.

ON THE WRONG COURSE.

More and more every day it appears to me that Society is drifting further and further in the wrong direction on this subject. Not only are the first principles of sound Scriptural Training neglected, but over all lands the most extravagant attention is being given to the inculcation of bearing and the cultivation of the mind generally, while the fundamental truths and practices which lie at the root of a holy, useful, godly manhood are being directly, flagrantly and culpably neglected.

A BEAUTIFUL NURSANCE.

Then, what do we see in the children growing up around us as the result? On board the vessel, which I am writing this, there is a little boy of some six years of age. He is certainly one of the smartest and most beautiful children I was ever my lot to behold. Once seen, that charming creature, with its fine-cut, classical features embodied in a luxuriant growth of curling golden hair, can never be forgotten, while he appears to be as quick mentally as he is beautiful physically. And yet, in reality, this child is a torture to everyone round about him. As a lady said the other day, "A little nuisance" meaning, and howling every few minutes, if every person, young or old, doesn't bow to his will, and let him have his own way!

Now, here he is, a perfect little tyrant—and of all tyrants your child-tyrant is, apart from his inability to carry out his selfish, petulant commands, the worst tyrant of all. And what is to be done? He is able to inflict such misery, at this age, what will be he, with the same kind of culture continued, should he grow up to manhood?

Now, I submit that this child might have been, and should have been, as a little angel on this steamer, giving in and out amongst passengers, and crew, or as a bright spirit from Heaven, his beauty, and intelligence, and children's courage, all sanctified and made a joy to our memory for ever.

WHO IS IT TO BLAME?

Why not? Oh, why not? The

blame lies not at his door. "Why not?" It was suggested by some—stronger the other day, "It is his disobedience and bad behavior." Oh, no! If anyone is to be punished, it should be his father, who has allowed this child—angel—to grow up to her to train for Heaven, to grow up in every respect the reverse of what the bright spirits are who dwell in that happy home.

No! I think, then, that if children can be alike made good or bad, it is their parents, and not the child.

Well, yes, I think so. I think they can, as a rule, but they may, and possibly will be exceptions. I hold to the correctness, generally speaking, of the proverb, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old HE WILL NOT DEPART FROM IT." And, were I for a second, entrusted with children to train for Heaven, I should, as in the past, only much more so, pray earnestly, believe hard, and struggle with all my might to do my share of the work, and any child of mine should turn out to be that exception.

"Then what, oh, what, dear General, is the training tool which will ensure this precious result?" I am asked by some of my personal readers. But have I not just been telling you how discouraged I am with my attempts in this direction? Am I to try again? The answer comes back "Yes, try again, General—once more!"

HE WAS A YOUNG RASCAL,
BUT HE'S BETTER NOW!

All About G.B.M. Agent



BOB DOWNEY, of Kingston.

Serjt. Robert Downey, of Kingston, was born at Scodenham, Ontario. His parents attended the Church of England. Although surrounded by good influences, he early turned the way of evil; could chew tobacco nicely at ten years of age, and drink whisky at the age of fourteen. He was drunk several times before he was sixteen. At the age of eighteen he was convicted of sin, went to an inquiry room, but wasn't saved with very delinquent. He struggled on, still being convicted for seven years. Captain York came to Kingston, and Downey, the bad boy, was saved. He prayed with his workmen, and day for three years he has been a fighting soldier. During the last six months he has been successful in book after the Grace-before-Meat Box in No. 1 Ward, Kingston. Not only is the L. B. Agent, but said serjeant of the Kingston corps and he work very hard, from 6 a.m. until 6 p.m. 10 p.m. very often, at his ordinary employment in a flour mill, and give his spare time to these different branches of Army work. He is a joyful happy Salvationist. He did well in quarter, and says he will do better still.

Mrs. Brownwell Booth is arranged to have a dressmaker sale in the Lower Ender Hall, on Dec. 11th and 12th. During this last twelve months she has passed through over a hundred and eighty women and girls have passed through over a hundred Hospital at Mare Street, Hackney. Salvationists have been found for a large proportion of this number, some have been turned to their friends, and have been helped in one way or another.

The Minister of Finance

AT S.A. H.O.
WRITES MORE FACTS,
And Strives to Encourage the
Local Agents of the
"Light Brigade."

NOW a few sundry notes and facts as to what is being done by our brave L. B. Local Agents throughout this vast Territory. All the following figures, prior to the quarter ending last September: The brave barbie agents collected \$7.39, while Phillips sent \$3.47. Sister Draper, of Stratford, deserves praise. One dollar and eighty-six cents was collected in her boxes. Agent Hall, of Brantford, did exceedingly well, sending no less than \$13.02. Does this not top the record? Agent, Mrs. Abbott got \$2.10. Chatham, Ont., is her home. Well come, Mrs. Moorhead, of Clinton. Excellent! You sent \$3.00, but next quarter will doubtless be far ahead—Dresden sent \$1.22 and Comber \$1.50, but more will be forthcoming. Mrs. Handcock, of Forest, got \$2.15. This was not bad at all. Brother Walter Scott, of Guelph, deserves praise. He sent \$1.10, which is no mean sum, and the Royal City will do even more next collection. Mrs. Henderson lives at Ingersoll. She sent \$4.75, but is not contented yet. Ingersoll must rise. Well done, Missy Loringham. That \$12.64 was beautiful. Try and double it next collection. Myrtle Blodgett, of Palmerston, still lives at Laurium. This place raised \$7.49, and will do far better next time. Perseus got \$8.27. Well done, Mrs. Downer! Stratford is a little behind at \$2.07, but it will pick up. Thank you, Mrs. Garnett, of Tilsonburg. You raised \$3.76. Robina March, of Windsor, is not to be beaten. She sent \$1.00. Well done, Mrs. Dossall, of Windsor. All alive. Not very big of a stature, 'tis true, but she got \$5.30 in her boxes, while Bro. Brett, of the Westport, Ont., collected \$5.75. His wife raised \$1.57. Well done, Maude! Then Mrs. Douglas, of Cornwall, is consequently a hard worker. She sent \$9.02, while Sister Liddle, of Ganung, sent \$2.51. Agent Julia Legge, of Montreal, IL, sent \$5.80. Mrs. C. P. of Morrisburg, \$4.62. Ottawa, the Imperial City, sent \$7.98, thanks to agents Magee, Hines, and Way. Well done, Patience! for \$12.47! Margaret Blinson, of Prescott, sent \$3.15. Agent McKay, of N.Y., sent \$9.85. That's just magnificent. Frederickson keeps it up at \$10.50. Well done, Agents Veldt and Mills, of Halifax IL. Nine dollars and eighty-six cents is good. Agents Mills and Aesch, of New Glarus, are record-breakers, having sent \$12.80. Sister Day, of North Sydney, is high. 65. Carrie Reeves, Newmarket, \$9.75. Agent Davis, Stettleton, is a hoovering on. She collected \$3.77. C. P. of the West is not to be beaten. The best for Agent Bryant, of Portage, sent \$5.00. Agent Gillis, of Port Arthur, \$9.71, while Agents Oden and Fox, of Inland City, have collected \$3.63, and Winnipeg agents \$12.19. Toronto agents are doing admirably now, and the G. B. M. Scheme is just getting on its feet. Now, dear friends, "greater things than these shall be done by me." J. Read, Major.

NOW

If you have not yet secured a Grace-Before-Meat Box then by all means do so. You can get one by applying to the Financial Secretary, Headquarters, Toronto.

For the Asking

on can get from Toronto Headquarters a new, strong, little tin box to stand on your dinner table. Bailen you get it, don't forget Lazarus.

Only 2 Cents

opped occasionally to the G.B. Box would send you to a big

sum, and greatly assist in alleviating the wants of the poor and fallen. Not got one? Then send in your application to the Financial Secretary at our Toronto Headquarters. He will send you one for nothing.

GRATITUDE INDEED!

A poor, old woman, converted from drunkenness and sin through the Social work, gave and collected in one quarter, in a Grace-Before-Meat box, no less than \$5, as an evidence of her gratitude to God. That sum will help to assist and save for time and eternity many more outcasts. Will YOU do what you can also? If so, kindly send a post-note, asking for a Grace-Before-Meat box, to Major J. Read, Albert Street, Toronto.

The Central Ont. Prov. SECOND MAN

Saws Away, so as to Make the Dust Fly.

I SAW two little girls on the train with their mother. They had been to the city, and the mother, poor, deluded creature, had bought her little girls a pair of eye-glasses each. Oh, how proud they were of them! They could not rest contented until they had marched up and down the car to let the people see them. I heard one say, "Won't he be glad when I go to school on Monday to show off my glasses." Oh, how sad for mothers to bring their children up in such a way.

I SAW two young ladies on their way home from college. One had to leave the car before the other. When she went to put on her jacket, she could not find it for those monster buttons. The other had to come to her help and push and stuff those huge buttons down her jacket sleeve. Oh, the goodness of Fashion! How many thousands of slaves there are worship this.

I SAW one of God Almighty's so-called ambassadors (he stands in the pulpit every Sunday to preach) with a great big sin in the place set out for the Lutherans. I thought, "My God, here's a man with the garb on showing what he is, and yet what an influence!" When I remonstrated with him about it, he gave me to understand it was the only comfort of his life. I thought it was about time he became converted and found Jesus, to the satisfying of his poor, starving soul.

I SAW a so-called lady enter the barracks and see like the other sinners from the time she came in to the time of the prayer meeting. When she was dealt with about her sin she told the enquirer that she was saved, and had been nine years. There she was, tossed out in the fashion of the day, and as careless about herself and the meeting as any poor drunkard or harlot. Oh, how people are deluded by the devil!

I SAW an old, old, old man who had been a slave for years to drink and tobacco stand up and say he had been thoroughly delivered from it. He said it was no use for men to say they could not get this and that. It was because they did not want to.

I SAW a man who had been a drunkard and an inveterate smoker, who spent regularly a dollar a week in those things. He professed to be saved and live for God. He wanted to be a Christian and save up a dollar a week now for a rainy day, and the poor officer might wait for temporal help. This religious (?) brother puts in a Grace-Box place to let him and his wife have. How devilish the love of God in him?

I SAW on the whole the people that profess to be the followers of Him Who said, "If any man will be My disciple, let him deny himself, take up his cross and follow Me," very careless and indifferent about their own spirituality, much less being interested in the welfare of others.

ADHESANT AVE.

A new hall has been secured at Geisenkirchen, Germany. It was opened on Nov. 15th.

Major Bennett at the Wedding,

AND OTHER ITEMS FROM THE WEST.

MORDEN.

I received a wire from Pastor E. Smith asking if I could go to Morden and conduct a wedding, as two of the soldiers wished to be married. I consented, and accordingly arrived on the 20th, according to arrangements. Was met by the noble Ensign at the station, his wife was surprised to see me. The Ensign, the District Officer, did not arrive as expected, but the truth was that the train he brave Ensign should have connected with was four hours late, and he missed his connection by two hours. It was too late to miss a marriage. A wedding is no little disappointment to some people if missed. However, all the arrangements were well in hand, and the crowd gathered and paid twenty-five cents each to see and hear, which interesting ceremony took place in the course. After several speeches of small dimensions were given from the soldiers and officers, Lieut. Clarke, the musical Lieutenant, sang a solo and then gave us a hymn.

The contracting parties were Brother Whyte and Sister Burrows, who were united in holy matrimony, to the delight of the congregation. Both bride and bridegroom gave their testimonies after the union.

SELIKIRK.

I have just spent a Saturday and Sunday at this town, on the banks of the noted Red River. I found Lieut. Smith and Manley awaiting my arrival with great expectations, and in fact, the station, and outdoor meetings on the Saturday night. Much interest was manifested. We had a splendid time at knee-drill. Although the game was below zero, yet the Lord blessed; as very much. At night and throughout the station, and two young men came out and gave God their hearts.

I found that the train was very late, and would not be through until midnight, so as I had four miles to go on the Red River station. I took a freight train home. While the stage was going down the bank of the river to get on the ice to cross, it almost turned over, but was soon put right, and although the winter was very rough I got to the station in safety.

The N-D. prospects at Morden and Selkirk are very good, and they will no doubt hit the bull's eye.

Plans to go to the wedding here in the west in a few days. This time it will be at V—, Who can it be? This will be three weddings in two months. Who will be the next? The one all-important thing at all the corps, brigades, and outposts here is Self-Denial.

From the Island Colony.

The Northern D.O. on His Travels.

Again we are back on the old battlefield against the powers of darkness, and at TWILLINGATE the first night we had a record time, with all War Cry and Young Soldiers sold out and three souls in the fountain. The people are all home from Labrador, and so we are believing for great victory. BROTHER HARBOR a visit and had a good time. Captain Butt and Cadet Way are all at home at this place. The Captain is taking hold of the school, and no doubt things will move along. After spending a night at this place, I took boat for EXPLORERS. At this place the comrades had

THEIR BARRACKS BLOWN DOWN

when at camp, and so now we are without a place to hold meetings in, but we are not to be defeated, so we started to work to look up another place of land for to build again. We succeeded in getting a piece, and now we are on our way to the new place. A good time, with one soul in the fountain. Our next place is BOTWOODVILLE. Cadet Clark and myself started off in a small boat about ten o'clock in the evening, and did not reach our destination till nine

at night, just in time to find Captain Snow pitching in, with two little girls crying for mercy. At my last visit I enrolled some 18 or 19 soldiers, who are still fighting away. I spent a profitable time at this place, with three souls saved, and sold a couple of bonnets, but, Mr. Editor, there are other soldiers at this place who ought to get the bonnet. I expect they will soon get them all right. (Let's hope so.)—Ed.] Monday at morning at five o'clock I left this place in a schooner for home, but

WE HAD A HEAD WIND.

and we were forced to put into Exploite again for that night. Next morning we put out again, and at 2:30 I landed at TWILLINGATE. I spent a few days at home, and then I had to leave again for TILT TUVI, and what can I say about our time at this place? Why, I can't describe it. The people are just as much in love with the S. A. as ever. We had some very special meetings at this place, with two souls saved and one more, the blessing of a clean heart. I talked at the Denial, and had a soldiers' council, and no doubt they will strike their target all right. I am now about to leave for HARRY'S HARBOR. Will report more by next mail.

H. FREEMAN, Ensign.

P. E. I. District Notes.

By MRS. MAJOR JEWELL.

We are full of Self-Denial. We talk about it, dream about it, pray about it, plan for it, and when the time comes we rush all rush to the fray as one person, to conquer. Have visited ST. MICHAEL'S for two days' special campaign. Had a nice welcome tea with the soldiers, followed by a short council. The comrades, all there, and acted on by the respectable Capt. D. P. Molloy, of Eastern fame. Had such a nice welcome public meeting. People cheerful and all excited over Self-Denial. The friends in Summerside are going to stand by the officers. During my two days here we had two public meetings, one soldiers', one holiness; also a meeting with the Janitors. This plucky little corps has challenged any other corps to raise, according to their target, against Self-Denial. Not for a fight, a battle.

CHARLOTTETOWN.—We are well awake here. Capt. Newell has actually wired Toronto challenging any other lad or lassie Captain, from the East as far West as London, Ont., to raise more money than she for S. A. I believe she will win. Our secretary also challenges any other secretary in the East. Who has not heard of M. F. Ellis, whose soul is full of pure devotion to God and the Army? She won the laurels last year and this year she will be holding it. I know. The soldiers all have targets, the married men against the married sisters versus the single brothers against the single sisters.

There is also some talk of a local section in the future. Am going to visit GEORGETOWN Monday and Tuesday, having a meeting in the Presbyterian church there. Four souls this next week for salvation.

Adjutant Bonham writes: "Ladies are so pleased with the girls they have had from the Rescue Home, that they are advising their friends to go to us in future. Next week a week passed without our receiving applications for servants, and we could easily get situations for double the number if we only had room to take in more girls." This seems to be holding the notion that servants among folk, that these girls won't work. Ladies, as a rule, do not keep servants to play.

Three London, Eng., children who were frequently compelled by their drunken father to sleep on doorsteps or on window ledges, lit upon a plan by which they were enabled to escape their father's wrath. They went errands for the children of Abraham, and when ejected from the parental roof sought refuge at the Women's Shelter, Hanbury street, paying for their lodging, they said, "like the little women." Poverty has no children?

West Ont. Warblings.

WINGHAM. — Having been here two months, we begin to think it time to report. (Seven weeks later.) Well, for a start, a backslider professed to get right with God last Sunday. For the past week we have had specials and been specialising. Saturday and Sunday Mrs. Adjutant Turner and troupe with us. At the same time, Captain Seabell and Cadet Hutchinson, G.R.M. Agents, and Sister Bloodgood, of Palmerston, with Captain Collett and Treasurer Mason of our Two-water outpost, a good time was put in for the Master, and the funds of the G. R. M. Scheme enlarged. More than that, all hands went to the Methodist church to assist the Rev. Mr. Burke in his evening service. Then to Lucknow, Brussels, and Palmerston and Gorrie. We are very busy with S.D.—Two Who Were There.

LONDON.—"Billy McLeod, formerly champion lightweight pugilist of England. His 'Life, was 'Service of Song.' So read the bill headed with a large sketch of Billy in fighting attitude. Nearly everyone looked at it. Even a dog couldn't help taking a side glance at Billy. The result was a big crowd, a big meeting, and the service, which was taken from "All the World," with music and song, went off beautifully. We had one son saved. On Sunday we had Brigadier Margreth and Adjutants Turner and Taylor, also Staff-Capt. Simpson and Mrs. Adjutant Archibald. We had a beautiful time, lots of concertina music, and one backslider returned to God. It's getting hot for Self-Denial in London, will soon be to white heat. Hallelujah—Lieut. G. S., for Emslie Richardson.

DITTON.—Three souls, a hallelujah time. To God be all the glory. All three testifying. Two are helping in S.D.—Capt. Dover and Lieut. Pym.

WOODSTOCK. — God is working. Souls are being saved and sanctified. A good many under deep conviction, will not stay to prayer meetings. Afraid they will yield. We are not discouraged. Though only here a little while, yet we love Woodstock. I feel we have indeed got in with a warlike-hearted people. — Mrs. Captain Miller.

WINDSOR, ONT.—Eugene Miles has been absent on Self-Denial work thro' the district for about a fortnight, leaving the battle to the very excellent fighting qualities of his "better half," as you may call her. She will have it. Two weeks ago yesterday we rejoiced over two precious souls. On the 18th a young man came home. The crowding time was last night, Sunday, the 26th, when three poor sinners fell at Jesus' feet. One is a lovely musician, and all the soldiers agreed to pray for him throughout the day. This was the signal for a grand march round, after which Mrs. Eugene Miles gave orders to file out the street for a march to the band and converts to the front, although the hour of 10.15 had arrived. The lights were quickly out, and so were the soldiers, and after a lively, joyous march for four or five blocks, the band rejoining each by one or two of its choicest pieces, we separated at the door of our hall, after prayer by Mrs. Miles and a volley of "Amen's" and "Hallelujahs." — War Correspondent.

Central Scraps.

FINEFON FALLS.—We have had the joy of seeing two backsliders return to God and get saved. Hallelujah! The soldiers are fighting in for more of the fighting spirit, and we are determined, by the grace of God, to make it hot for the devil in this part of the battlefield. Self-Denial is at the top now, and we are in for raising our target—John Wayne Capt. PARRY SOUND. — The fire burns brightly here. Pinned solid Saturday night and a modest tornado. About \$2.50 worth of food given; also a splendid collection. Some of the people so badly convinced they have to run out of the hall. Prayer and faith will win the victory.—Anglo.

SIDDURY. — The Harmonie Harriers' Band, under the leadership of Adjutant Ayre, has been with us since Friday night. Wonderful meetings, good crowds, and deep convictions. Sunday morning knee-drill in grand



Sgt. Mrs. Smith and Sgt. Mrs. Frazer.

Sgt. Mrs. Kelland, Capt. H. E. Kendall.

Sgt. Mrs. Brown, Sgt. Mrs. Lloyd.

Sgt. Mrs. Brown, Sgt. Mrs. Lloyd.

time. Hollow meeting at half-past ten a time long to be remembered; eleven knelt at the altar. Hallelujah! Sunday night we shouted praises to God for victory, when three precious souls deserted the ranks of the devil and came over on the Lord's side. Praise God! Monday night Captain MacKenzie spoke on the work of the S. A. Adjutant Ayre then followed with a discourse on Sorling Reform and Self-Denial. He concluded with an earnest appeal to sinners to seek salvation, and victory was again on the Lord's side when a dear brother came to Jesus. We're bound to win. We have perfect confidence in God to enable us to reach our S.D. target—Alex. Bailey.

Newfoundland Nuggets.

BOTWOODVILLE, Nfld.—We are having the victory since coming here. Eight souls have found a place of refuge in our Saviour's arms. Could the readers of this report only look in and see the happy faces of the soldiers of this place while singing "I am climbing up Zion's hill," you would all have to join in the shouting. Self-Denial is coming. We are in for a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether. Thirty-five dollars and our target. Lord, I believe.—Wm. Snow, Captain, S. Hopkins, Cadet.

P.S.—A neat little barracks is being built here.

BRIN, Nfld.—Our councils are over, and we are back again to our stations, doing the damage we can to the devil's kingdom. Sunday night one soul, Self-Denial is coming, and we are in for victory.—Anne Kemp.

CLARENVILLE, Nfld.—Sergts. Polley and Jones were here from Hant's Harbor, and gave us a life for a few nights. The use of tobacco being brought on the board, Sergt. Polley told how he once got talking to a gentleman, who asked him the reason God didn't speak about it when he was on earth, and while trying to produce an answer in old Irishman stiltedness, he said, "Why, sure, God Almighty thought men had better sense than us." (Voices.) Indication service on Sunday. People flocking from different parts of the Sound to see the first lady dedicated. Two prayers for the week, and more in pie-ces.—G. P. Thompson, Captain.

ST. JOHN'S, Nfld.—We have got three Cadets' reports from this corps this week. We insert what we consider the best one. Whose is it, Cadets?—Ed.—Splendid meetings on Sunday, led by Mrs. Major Sharp, assisted by Emslie Kenna and Captain Cate. Great freedom—easy in the afternoon. Soldiers running over with joy. It was good to be there. At night, great salvation meeting, was a time to be remembered. All felt sorry Major could not be present, owing to sickness. Everyone went in with all their hearts for a real good time. The meeting closed with seven souls in the fountain. One man got an ill of glory that he danced very peculiarly. It made every person in the building smile, and Emslie Kenna

was almost in dancing trim. Hallelujah!—Cadet —.

BOTWOODVILLE, Nfld.—Hallelujah! We are glad to say the tide is rising and the devil has got to retreat. Sunday we had a battle for souls. At night four in the fountain. Well we might sing: "We are the happiest crowd on earth. Praise the Lord."

Cadet S. Hopkins for Capt. W. Snow. PELLEY ISLAND, Nfld.—Hallelujah! God is with us here. The past week has been a week of victory. Sunday was a good day. God was with us in all our meetings, although the boys were a little rough outside the door. We rejoiced over four souls at the cross; three got through. Oh, how they did dance and shout! Then on Monday night a poor backslider returned home. Wednesday night we had a special meeting. We had the Gipsy Jingle Band to the front. We found it hard to get timbers so we got some tin pans. Oh, Mr. Editor, how Mrs. Cook's man did rattle on the march! The people wondered what was up. "Well," says some one, "they are a funny crowd, after all." Well, that is so, but we are so happy that we can't help being funny. Our Thanksgiving Day was a blessed day. We had a good day at night. Two poor backsliders came home. We closed our week with six souls. To God we give all the glory.—Captain Cooper.

EXPLOITS. — Since last reporting, the barracks has blown down. Yes, sir, it is a fact! Down flat to the ground. Of course the devil had a kind of a grin on for about a week, but there is no folding of arms in a time like this, and let Mr. Devil have the victory, but sir, it is off coat. Pick up your spears, and patch in. We had a good day at night. Two poor backsliders came home. We closed our week with six souls. To God we give all the glory.—Lieut. E. Hiseock.

TILT (ONT). Although our officers have left us, we are trusting in God. We are hammering away at the devil's kingdom, and are believing that if we are true to God we shall see the devil fly and his kingdom fall down about his heels.—G. King

EASTERN CHUNKS.

NEW GLASGOW, N.S.—A tidal wave of salvation has risen, and some of the worst sinners of New Glasgow have been swept into the kingdom. Frankness, thieves and liars are coming to God. The soldiers are a jolly, happy lot, and the friends are extremely kind, and with such a lot of things in our favor, we have no doubt but what we will hit our target.—Captain Penney, for Emslie Lee Brisay.

HALIFAX, L.—On Tuesday night one soul. Thursday night, grand musical meeting. Good crowd. Self-Denial has commenced to crown already. I believe we are going to hit our target or something else. Treating 13 plates and specialities. It looks as though we are going to make things quite interesting. Prayer and faith, and

bold courage, and lots of cash, and go, and work, we are sure to succeed. On Thursday night we had a Cadets' Training Home meeting, and a crowd. The platform greeted the ladies of the Salvation Training Home, for male and female Cadets. The meeting was quite amusing to see the Cadets cooking, eating, scrubbing, sweeping, shoe blacking, and the like. There were two new Cadets, and the term began. This, with a musical and an open scene, and a whole lot brought to a close quite a successful meeting. The people apparently are enjoying themselves, and what was the cause for the glory of God and the increase of His kingdom. A good old Sunday. Two souls (man and wife) turned to God, and were pardoned. Sergt. Major Caslin.

East Ontario Jottings.

POINT ST. CHARLES. — We had a visit from Staff-Captain Simpson on Wednesday night. A splendid meeting, and a fine time to our sons. Thursday night we had a visit from a Cadet, a member of Lascar street, who is going home on a post. The Captain once was our leader, and we pray that he may soon be able to be in the front of the fight.—W. G. S.C.

OTTERVILLE. — Victory is coming on the devil, and driving him back. Meetings good. Interest rising. A successful question. One soul at vacation yesterday. Sunday, believing for a wonderful week of water and S.D., and thanksgiving.—H. K. for Emslie.

PEITH.—God is still with us here. Two backsliders have returned since last report. Our band now numbers seven, and is improving nicely. They can pray as well as play. Another who came forward a few weeks ago, and is now a member of the band. One sin, including tobacco, which was used for about thirty years, it being ordered for him to do so by doctors to stop fits, but now, thank God, he neither uses the tobacco nor has fits, and he is going to give the biggest day's work he can earn to Self-Denial.—People and Bloss.

PICTON.—Our faith is strong, and Self-Denial has become a pleasure. Oh, what blessings it brings! We have been anxious for the special week to come, and now it's here, and our soldiers are going to do their best to reach and go over our target. One soul on Saturday night.—Happy Day.

Western Prov. Items.

NEPESAWA, 12.30 a.m. Monday morning. Just home, glorious day God has been with us. There in the soldiers here before us, soldiers on fire. Some want a bit more. Self-Denial, the topic of the day. Victory ringing in the air. Our target, \$100, \$40 a hand already. Cadet Beck (formerly last night, God bless her). Wanda! had a dream to fill her place for she is a big man.—Arthur Wicks, Captain.

VIRIDEN, MAN. — We are having good meetings. Since last report there have been seven converts of the soldiers out for sanctification. Officers are doing well, and the praise God, they are sticking to the fight. War Cry sells good. All set out on Saturday afternoon. —Dusted.

CORBET DISTRICT ITEMS.

We are getting on well at the Corbet. The souls are getting saved. The soldiers here before us, soldiers on fire, and are going in to make it a good success. I believe we shall reach target all O.K.

PORT HOPE. — I have just visit this corps and enrolled three recruits. The first time souls last Sunday night. Port Hope has done well. Self-Denial in the past, and with the Bureau and Lieut. Root to lead them, they shall beat all past records. Lieut. Magee and Cadet McFarlane are doing well. This is a sad town, but it has hope. The box has been sent. Lieut. Magee thinks \$200 is to raise here. I shall not be satisfied if they get \$75. TRENTON Box next. I had a good meeting here, and sent \$100, and two souls were saved. They will do well for a while.

CAPTAIN H. CAMERON, JR.

THE DIVINE LIFE IN MAN!

CONSECRATION—WHAT? A HOLINESS TALK,

"CONSECRATION is not an act, it is a life!" In these days there is a great deal said and a great deal sung about consecration. All that is beautiful, and grand, and noble about it has been brought to bear upon the hearts of thousands, and have been uplifted, tears have been shed, and from many lips have come the beautiful refrain,

"My all is on the altar,
I'll take it back no more,"

but, alas, how many have failed to realize the truth above asserted, namely, that "consecration is not an act, it is a life!"

How often have sin-stained hands been laid on the altar of sacrifice, almost before the sound of the consecration song had died away. To-day the world wants more than songs, sighs and tears. Of those things it has had abundance, it wants LIVES—holy lives, consecrated lives, lives that will be lived not in part but in whole for God and man; lives unfettered and untrammelled with sin; lives that are dead to a world's enticements, and alive only to God and a dying world's needs.

Does our consecration really amount to this, or is it only a limited affair, rent and torn, and likely to die out at any moment? A something that neither God or man can put confidence in, a something that was merely an act, and since then has really only been a **SHIELD** life, with a little outward show of consecration here and there? Depend upon it, if this is so it is really NO consecration, and the world knows it,

HILL KNOWS IT,

and life who knows the secrets of every heart has never been blind to it. For Jesus to occupy the manger bed was one thing, but to go right through to Calvary was another. The throne in glory vacated was an act; before it could be once more occupied three and thirty years of toil and suffering had to be lived, praise God, and as lived—**TRUTH WAS CONSECRATION**. What does our consecration amount to? Is it a life concern, or merely a name?

May God help us each to seek to live only that life that shall be purchased with the Spirit of Him "Who pleased not Himself."

SHOT FOR SOLDIERS.

Daniel Quorn says, "We shan't get folks very often to come into a desert place and rest awhile if we, like the disciples, forget to take bread."

He who cannot find time to work for others may find eternity in which to suffer for himself.—Hannah Moore.

Many favours which God giveth us need, for want of being, stirred, our own unthankfulness; for though prayer purchaseth blessings, giving praise doth keep the quiet possession of them.—Fuller.

There is nothing so small but that we may honor God by asking His guidance of it, or insult Him by taking it into our own hands.—Ruskin.

They buried the body out of sight, and went and told Jesus.—Matt. 13. Let us do just this with the soul, the insult, the unkind act—bury it out of sight, and go and tell Jesus.—Dr. Wright.

A life without self-assertion is a magnolia without perfume.

Proximity to goodness and companionship with right will never save a soul. You may sleep night after night with a Bible under your pillow, and yet suffer the torments of nightmare.

The man who can shout "Amen" the loudest isn't necessarily the man of deepest spiritual experience. The strength of a log-horn determines its value as a wind instrument only.

BY
**COLONEL KILBEY, Chief Secretary,
Australia.**

(Colossians III.)

SOME people talk of full salvation as if it were only just going to help them out of what might be termed their common sins and practices, and yet leave them to live as if they still had the sink of iniquity covered up within. We should remember that pardon saves us from sinning, and that when a man is converted his conduct is made right, and that in full salvation he is delivered from the very tubing of sin and from sinful dispositions. "We find lots of people who sin," says Christ, "but their soul and has saved them from the old man, but, though Christ can destroy the old man, they never get so far as to put on the new man—their talk and their lives are not in tune. I want to say that God Almighty can put your carnal nature into the grave. He can free from its entanglements entirely, and in this life save you from sin and sinning, and clothe you with the Spirit of Christ, so that your whole life shall give proof of being God-possessed."

"If ye then be risen with Christ seek those things which are above."

YOU HAVE TO DIE WITH HIM,

and be buried with Him first. Lots of people do not like the grave; the resurrection life is beautiful, but this dying business is a part to which they are treacherously averse. There is little difficulty in discerning those who are Christ's and those who are not. Those who are dead with Christ show they are dead to the world by their utter indifference to its pleasures, companionships and claims; and are not professing to be dead, or merely reckoning themselves dead, but being dead indeed. What a strong figure the Word of God uses.

"Are you dead? Are the things that had the greatest charm for Christ the things that have most charm for you? Is the will of the Father the deepest desire of your heart, and His work the cardinal purpose of your life? If not, Heaven help you!"

"Mortify your members." It is wonderful that He should talk of mortifying our members. When He says "Mortify" He assumes to me that the Holy Ghost fears some folk's souls (and I am sorry to say there are some) who would say, "When I count sin, it is not me, it is the old man." The Holy Ghost feared that the might say, "I don't care, no matter if I speak ill of my neighbor, lose my temper, etc., so long as I am a child of God; it does not matter how I am dressed if my heart is all right," although they may have enough feathers on them to keep a South African ostrich farm going, and so far as the moment life gives up generalising, and comes down to the details—your members.

"Mortify your members." Not only say "I am dead at the root, I am clean in my heart," but be clean in your talk and upright in all your ways, and goily in the details of your life.

But now ye also put off all these," I do like the way

THE HOLY GHOST LIVES

about this deliverance from sin. I am glad He does not talk of subjection, but putting off. Not to have a number of them put off (although that would be very good), but all; "ye also put off all these, anger, etc., whether it is that kind of anger which you manage to keep in by biting your lips, or that which spits venom."

"Malice." Taking care you do not walk beside Mary Jones in the march. "Blasphemy." You say "I don't swear." I am not so sure about that; perhaps God puts you down in His book as a swearer, though you never follow the ordinary blasphemer's way. It is possible to be guilty of this without moving the lips. A superficial glance, the tossing of some-

thing down angrily, the slamming of a door—these are sometimes the channels through which an oath finds expression.

"Life not one to another." There it is again. Seeing you have put off, you are not to be left there; thank God for that fact, you are to put on the new man, which is renewed in knowledge, etc. If there is anything under God's Heaven I am grateful for it is that He gives more in return than what we give up. Some people's idea is that God is going to take everything and give nothing; but when God strips us of the old equipments it is that we may be equipped with new and better ones. If He calls for the surrender of a few transitory pleasures, it is only to make room for those that are eternal. If the call means the loss of worldly gain, it also means the finding of inestimable and undying riches. It is that your small heart may be made bigger; that your conceited, narrow notions may be made wider; that your barren life may be made fruitful; that your useless life be made useful, and that the desire simply to save yourself may be turned into a desire of saving others. Now the call comes to you, and although you may have been turning round and round the holiness table for years, if you will now put off the old man a new life and a successful career are before you.

CONFESSIONS

—OF—

AN EX-OFFICER.

Culled, after a Lapse of Time,
from His Private Manuscript.

I DO LOVE God with all my heart and soul, and want through life to serve Him, but where?

I always have believed, and do now, that he that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin. That as only stewards over what we possess here below, we should get the best out of it for our Master's glory.

The question is, where can I do that? I thought, as an officer, that I was not doing much, and settling down, I did not try as I should. Oh, God forgive me!

I studied to fit myself for a worldly position more than I studied to save men. A wonder is how I was ever so successful as I was.

If we cannot trust God for our support, how can we trust Him for our salvation? It is the same word that promises the world, if we do Him in the one, is it not very likely we shall soon be doubting Him in the other?

Why can I not be satisfied as a soldier? You could do more for God! You could do more for God! My very bones cry out within me, my heart goes heavy and sad, I see the sin, and so for to go on, and to go on for God against it. The feeling comes over me—oh, I can live on bread and water, if God requires, so that I can save or warn people and be in a position to help those who need.

I should not listen to what people say, but have a firm principle, grounded on a knowledge of God and His will concerning men, and go forward to live it out. God helping me, I will.

Comparing our privileges with any other denomination, I now feel they are greater. We can talk publicly to more people than most ministers by our own meetings, outside and in. We have the world as our parish.

True, there are many difficulties; but did God promise us there would not be?

Our work is not to be judged by the fruit we see. "Be not weary in well-doing" must have been an admonition to faithful toilers who could not see fruit. If success crowned every man who was faithful, no need of that passage in the Bible.

Since I have written the above I have returned to the fight, and, pro-

fitting by the past, I march on with one purpose in view—the salvation of the world. If these notes will be a blessing to some one. If we could only be of one mind, and all rally around the old flag again, what glory, and blessing, and revival we should have. God grant it.

[OUR FAMOUS SONG SERIES.]

Luther's Battle Hymn.

"A safe stronghold our God is He."

The third verse has the ring of THE GREAT REFORMER'S (earnest testimony—

"Though there were as many devils in Worms as there are tiles upon the house, yet would I enter the city."

Pope's thunder and lightning could not scare him. His staunch confidence was prompted by

FAITH IN GOD:

"Yet still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work as woe;
His craft and power are great,
And armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal."

The hymns of Luther, said Coleridge, did as much for the Reformation as did his translation of the Bible. These children hummed them in the cottage.

Martyrs sang them on the scaffold. After Luther's death, Melancthon heard a little girl sing on the street.

"Eins feste Burg ist unser Gott."

"Sing on," said the great scholar, "you little know whom you comfort." Amidst sob and tears, this hymn of Luther's was sung at his grave, and the first line inscribed on his tomb.

It was founded upon the forty-second Psalm, in 1529, the year in which the great protest was made from within Protestantism takes its name.

IT'S LOVE!

It is not the deed we do,
Though the deed be never so fair,
But the love that the dear Lord seeks
In the heart of the deed so fair.

The love is the priceless thing,
The treasure our treasures must hold.

Or ever the Lord will take the gift,
Or tell the worth of the gold,
By the love that cannot be told.

Behold us, the rich and the poor,
Dear Lord, in Thy service draw near:

One consecrate a precious coin,
One droppeth only a tear;
Look, Master, the love is here!

—Christina Rossetti.

The devil does love a sermon based upon the dictionary.

The man who has never mourned will cry vainly for the Comforter.

When you turn your back upon me be careful not to look over your shoulder.

The Christian who repudiates his deal gives his friends a letter credit on hell.

It's not what we say we are, but what we really are, that counts. A man thinks he, so he is.

Some people are after leaves and thistles, others are trying to "eat man." Jesus can help you to do the latter if you are willing to stop the former.

The man who seeks happiness and yet refuses obedience to God, is like the man who would build a tower, yet refuse to get either plan or materials.

Our Weekly Song Sheet

IS YOUR HEART CLEAN?

Tune—"Lord, I make a full surrender." B. J. 3.

Oh, the precious blood of Jesus,
Fountain of redeeming love,
Wondrous stream to cleanse and
keep us,
Fit to dwell above.
Thy name of full salvation's story,
Sign of love on Jesus' brow,
Opening up the way to glory,
Blood that cleanses now.

Chorus.

It is cleansing, it is cleansing,
While before the Lamb I bow,
It is cleansing, it is cleansing,
It is cleansing now.

Oh, the precious blood of Jesus,
Shed to purchase harp and crown,
Love's redemptive price to free us,
Life for life laid down.
Sprinkling, purging, cleansing, flow-
ing,
For the world's deliverance given.
Oh, that precious blood of Jesus,
Sign and seal of Heaven.

Oh, the precious blood of Jesus,
Holy current, pure and strong,
Sweeping sin's stronghold before it,
Mastering all that's wrong.
Fountain of mercy everlasting,
Virtue from the great I Am.
Keeping saints forever casting
Crowns before the Lamb.

—By the late Colonel Pearson.

Tunes—"Stella." B. J. 25, 3; "Eu-
phony." B. J. 138, 1; "All things
are possible." B. J. 50, 3.

I want Thee, Jesus, blessed One,
I love Thee, God's most holy Son;
Come to my soul and satisfy,
For Thee alone my heart doth cry.
I look around, and all I see
Makes me the more to long for Thee.

Far into worldliness I've been,
The brightest charms my eyes have
seen;
I've deeply drunk the cup of sin—
It failed to bring me peace within.
Sweet is the chalice of Thy grace,
Unmeasured bliss to see Thy face.

Proof of Thy power I feel each day.
Thou art my life, my Truth, my
Way;
My heart's made clean and white by
Thee,
Peace, perfect peace, now comes to
me,
While 'tis my aim, and nothing less,
To walk the way of holiness.

—Sec. Wm. Tuck, Newport, I.O.W.

A COUPLE OF GO-HEADERS.

Tunes—"Come, about and sing," or
"The blood of Jesus cleanses white
as snow." B. J. 19, 1.

List, comrades, now the bugle
sounds,
It calls for men of war,
Who will unite and bravely fight,
Until the fight is o'er.
Though Satan has the sway,
We'll drive him long away,
And trust our Captain, Who goes on
before.

Chorus.

The Cross is the attraction, this we
know;
The Cross is the attraction, this we
know;
We never will give in,
By Calvary's power we'll win.
And to the world God's goodness we
will show.

Now, forward, all ye sons of God,
Live, and fight, and die;
His name now praise and bravely
raise.

The blood-stained banner high.
Our armor's shining bright,
We're walking in the light,
God's with us and the victory's draw-
ing nigh.

With shield of faith and trust in God,
The Spirit's power we wield;
We fear no foe, but forward go,
To drive sin from the field.
Until the fighting's done,
And victory we have won,
By Jesus' grace and power we'll never
yield.

—Capt. W. J. Miller.

Tune—"This is why I love my Jesus,"
B. J. 101.

Would you know why I love Jesus,
Why He is so dear to me?
'Tis because my blessed Jesus
From my sin has ransom'd me.

Chorus.

This is why I love my Jesus,
This is why I love Him so,
He has pardoned my transgressions,
He has washed me white as snow.

Would you know why I love Jesus?
Why He is so dear to me?
'Tis because the Blood of Jesus
Fully saves and cleanses me.

Would you know why I love Jesus?
Why He is so dear to me?
'Tis because, amid temptation,
He supports and strengthens me.

Would you know why I love Jesus?
Why He is so dear to me?
'Tis because in every conflict
Jesus gives me victory.

SINNER, COME TO THE CROSS.

Tune—"March of the men of Harlech,"
B. J. 90.

Sinner, hear the Saviour pleading,
"This for thee my body's bleeding;
Will you now my voice be heeding?
You I long have sought."
Why in sin will you be crying,
And the Saviour's love denying?
Sinner, turn, why are you dying?
With Christ's blood you're bought.

Chorus.

Come, and never fearing, either scoffs
or sneering;
If the Cross you boldly bear, and now
for Christ be living,
Marching upward, never doubting,
tho' the hosts of sin are shouting,
By God's power the devil routing, we
shall conquer all.

Sweet the joy to know you're living
Pure on earth, your sins forgiven,
And you're on your way to Heaven,
Soon with God to be.
Let us, then, for Christ be daring,
Gladly in His sufferings sharing,
Any persecution bearing,
For He's set us free!

Onward, Army of Salvation!
Let us tell to every nation
Of the glorious alteration
Christ has wrought in us.
Onward, any danger braving,
Where our noble flag is waving,
Jesus Christ lost souls is saving,
In Him is our trust. —G. R. B.

Tune—"Cleansing for me," B. J. 45, 2.

6 Though you have wandered away
from your God,
Come back again, come back
again!
Still there is cleansing in Christ's pre-
cious blood,
Come back again, come back again!
Oh, come to Jesus while mercy is free:
List to His pleadings, "Return unto
Me!"
Plunge into the Fountain, 'tis open for
thee,
Come back again, come back again!

Come with your sorrow, and anguish,
and sin,
Come back again, come back again!
He'll not despise you, but now take
you in,
Come back again, come back again!
Though you have fallen, he will put
you right,
And though your past is, your life
may be bright,
Come back to Jesus, He will be your
light,
Come back again, come back again!

Come back to Jesus, whilst yet there
is time,
Come back again, come back again!
Yield to His pleading, He waits to be
thine!

Come back again, come back again!
Shout with your cry be, "My God, it's
too late!"
Soon you'll be dying, and left to your
fate;

Come while He's calling, and no long-
er wait,
Come back again, come back again!
—Sergt.-Major Rogers, Northwich.

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